

THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.

NO. LI.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1840.

MUSICAL JOURNEY FROM GROSSMIEZCHEN TO LAMMEL.

[TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF FR. ROCHLITZ.]

It is a real mishap for constitutions of my habits, that have increased in breadth, and daily still augment this mass of body, that the war makes travelling so uncertain and troublesome. I had complained of this for two years and still harped upon the same theme, when my sister surprised and startled me with an original idea.—

Brother, she said, just tell me how far would you walk in a day to get rid of your hypos, provided it might be done without making it too troublesome for you?

Child, I replied, if you will dismiss your curious mistake, that I suffer of that evil, I will tell you; I must walk at least eight miles every day.

Well, look here, she continued; then you need only walk every day that mile from here to Lammel, but four times either way, and that would make out what you want.

True, I cried, easily convinced, and thought further of the case.

Honest Germans never like to do any thing without a certain fixed object, and they like to reach several ends in what they undertake, but most of all to combine with particular physical ends, general spiritual ones. Thus it was in my own case. The Italian walks merely for the walk; the Dutchman walks for digestion; I had to

find out besides some literary and artistic end and aim for my journey. To make musical observations was its artistic object, to have them printed, its literary object; and I flatter myself to have reached both ends, for the reader—reads.

I might pass on without observing, that the sun shone next morning, that I took confidently my hat and cane, that my sister showed uncommon proofs of love when I took leave—for I was following her idea: but it must not pass unobserved, that it was one of those serene days in early spring, which are granted to us Germans instead of the beautiful May days; these latter being enjoyed by us, generally in black or white, in poetry and prose; one of those days when all the afflicted hope, all the skylarks rise up into the skies, all the doves are cooing, and all the boys playing at tops. This had its influence on my literary and artistic object, for at the very house of my next door neighbor it gave me matter for a good reflection!—

Schnauzmann's Gottlieb sat in the sand at the door, and had by order of his mother, his little sister of one year's age between his knees. The boy extemporized musically and free enough was his fantasia, for he emitted in a stentorian voice, tones, which, rising and falling, showed evidently how the brilliant world without doors affected his imagination and his feelings, and that without himself being aware of it or meaning any thing else by it than to give vent to his overflowing heart. The little girl, true to her female nature, without original invention, only imitated his passages, lisping in fragments.

If that learned reviewer in the Jena Literary Gazette of the past decennium, is right, together with his followers,* I said, in what he teaches, with great volubility and difficult to conceive, of the true and genuine, and therefore the only poetry and art, which may be in progress of time and cultivation expanded and refined, but never receive another direction, without arriving at works of hollow reflection and empty understanding, and therefore at the destruction of poetry and art; if these men are right, that boy practises the art of music in a truth and purity, unequalled by any body else; and

* I do not more distinctly designate this truly meritorious man, nor the celebrated poet, whose worth he criticised in the place mentioned, and that only from worldly prudence. For both afterwards suddenly threw their minds round to an opposite direction as a good horseman does his horse when it begins to run away, and they might take it amiss if I reminded them of what they formerly taught as infallible and as eternal doctrines.

nothing that I know of would be more profitable to a Mozart or Beethoven, than to go on the sand to Gottlieb's school.

Pursuing these thoughts, I had reached the end of the village, where the mud ceases, and where the air and the sun had nicely dried the field which was not yet green. I found here a part of our hopeful rising generation, playing "nun" with great jubilee.

Readers cultivated in music no doubt are still better acquainted with this game than other people, for it is in a certain degree musical; they know therefore, that it is a sort of top, the head being a hollow wooden ball, which, when spun off the thread, rapidly turning round its own axis howls most dismally—and this is just the sport; it howls, according to the strength which it has for dancing, in the fundamental note with the major third of its second octave, or if the strength is less vigorous, in the first with the fifth.

Gottlieb had led me into the melodic part of the art of music, these "nuns" naturally produced a progress into the harmonic part. I began, we certainly have allowed ourselves to be drawn off too much by the political, warlike and financial operations of the last years from the great task to discover for every thing, occurring in the spiritual world an archetype in the material world, and so to represent our own mind even in its freest actions, only as variously broken reflections of things without. In regard to music I do not remember any new discovery of this kind within the last years, except the one which Mr. Hans Georg Naegeli in Zurich has made, and which is as ingenious as astonishing. He shows the rhythm in music in nature by—the quail's song, which represents the most defined of all the rhythms, the beating of the drum; from this discovery, all the other rhythmical relations are in due succession as naturally developed, as just now the relations of the world are developed by the beating of the drum. As to the harmonic part of the art, we have read since half a century sheer nothing of any consequence that is new; every teacher teaches the doctrine of Tartini, that the tone of a string is softly perfected in the air to a trychord, a hundred times over, and that is all. Would not this "nun" which sounds the trichord much more perceptible, and certainly much more penetrating than Tartini's string, be very serviceable for this purpose? It would be worth a trial!

These contemplations were broken in upon by a voice, joyously calling out; "Why most honorable Mr. bailiff. I wish you a most happy . . . Have I at last for once the pleasure to . . ."

It was the good schoolmaster of Lammel, to whose eleventh child I had stood godfather a short while ago. The honest man, whose face always smiled, the reflecting mirror of inexhaustible contentment of mind, has the little singularity that in speaking he always keeps the end of the phrase to himself. He looked, his cap in hand and passing his hair comfortably through his fingers, so honestly up into my face out of his clear eyes, that I could not help returning his cheerful looks.

I have been a little out . . . he continued. Those apples are mine . . . (He meant the solitary apple tree in the field, but which had as yet not even buds.) And there I have, if you please, like a sparrow as it were the nasty nests of the caterpillars . . . But then I have so my own thoughts, and may be am doing some things, which you would not look . . . In time it may bring its good . . . provided it be God's will.

In saying this he looked much more joyously, and would have looked even roguish (the lamb!) if his sleek face would have made the necessary folds.—But in the sequel I shall prefer to complete the phrases of the good man; otherwise the reader would be troubled with too much thinking.

And what brings your honor out here so early? he asked.

I am on a musical journey . . .

Why, indeed! only think of it! is it possible!

Indeed, schoolmaster! and take care that I do not introduce you into it, for I will have it printed.—

O, you are joking! me? in print? for people to read, I mean?

Certainly! for the whole world to read!—

The man was deeply affected. He took my hand, his whole heart softened; he said with pious solemnity: Does your honor speak in real earnest? your honor might take a step there, that . . . O my dear Lord! I have wanted to ask you about something for a long time; but I had not the heart. At next whitsuntide it will be three years, that I began something . . . Certainly and truly it is not for the honor that I care—I know what Phillippians, chapter second, verse third, says! and as to the profit—it would be very acceptable with my eleven little brats; but I would give it to the brothers of mercy in Prague, of whom a wandering journeyman comb-maker once told me, how excellently they had nursed him, when he had fallen sick there, not having a single acquaintance in the place . . .

Come to the point, good man! I must turn at the village.

So must I, when the clock strikes seven. No, that I should meet you just now, and just when I have the courage; that does not come by mere chance, dear Sir!

Thus the good man got entangled into greater digressions, from pure joy, the nearer he wanted to come to the point. At last I guessed more than he told me, the following. He was considered among his neighbors the best organist, and was especially esteemed for his interludes. Footing on this reputation he conceived three years ago the plan to publish a choral book with interludes, and had since then, in his hours of leisure, which occurred rarely enough, worked at it. It is my only enjoyment, he said, when I think and think and at last have got one, an interlude, I mean, and have written it down properly! To be sure when the book is once published and I go to any of the neighboring churches, I shall not hear any other interludes but mine! Thou wilt however preserve me from vainglory, thou great good God; God knows, it is only for thy glory. Thirty-seven chorals I have all ready, and by whitsuntide I hope to make up the forty. Now I make my calculation so: having composed forty in three years, I shall get through with the whole in sixteen years, for we have two hundred and fourteen melodies in our old hymn book; and thus in summer, 1831, the printing might begin and proceed without delay. In the mean time they will have made the new beautiful Germany all ready, every thing will be flourishing, church and trade; and if by your honor the musical public should be in advance directed to notice them . . . But will you permit, to see how they look, my chorals?

He took in haste, and in the full joy of his heart vexed, that he could not do it much quicker, the cover of a hymn book out of his pocket, in which were neatly ruled leaves, conspicuously numbered. On the first thirty-seven leaves were the beautifully copied chorals, and in the corner of each leaf stood the date of its completion and below in quite small letters, written by a raven's quill: *Deo juvante, Weissshuhnus L. M.* The work was very good, particularly inasmuch as it contained note for note a copy of Hiller's choral book; in the additions by the schoolmaster's hand the imagination had however taken no higher flight, than it would do in a common street song. But—how could I possibly have critically examined thy, so toilingly and joyously prepared little paradise, thou honest Weissshuhn, or still worse, how could I water it with the icy water of raillery! I said, carefully replacing the leaves in the cover, go on, my good master,

with the same industry ; something, that will give joy and profit will certainly result from it, to whomsoever it may be !

Do you think so ? do you really think so ? he interrupted me, his eyes sparkling. In this moment the clock struck. Hah ! he cried, startled ; oh why did I not put it back this morning for half an hour ! But so—my duty calls ; and to-morrow is as good a day, say the people. But will it go ? joy and profit ? oh Lord ! oh, how beautiful it is to live in this world ! Well, God be with your honor !

With that he ran off, his steps keeping pace with his delights, that is, increasing as he went along.

Go, you happy man, to your vocation, which is hard enough, but for that very reason makes you the more susceptible for the enjoyment of your happiness ! How infinitely enviable are you, compared to those dried up souls, burning dark and dimly, into whose lamp of life no idea, no wish going in love beyond every day life, pours fresh oil ; or to those over satiated, who have too much oil, smothering the flame—to whom

“ Refreshment becomes poison.”

The joy, to have found out in early morning a new interlude, reaches far into your troubles of the day, and paints the letters of your a b c book so gayly, that you like the looks of them, although you see them for the hundred thousandth time ; and if these colors will fade before the dinner and vacation bell sounds, the hope to find out another interlude at your old clattering pianoforte, as soon as the boys have rushed out, brightens them ! And, honest Weissshuhn, what is this, thy heavenly bride, thy favorite idea ! Truly, it is such a one, that makes earth-born man a child of the gods ! I will interpret it, for you do not understand it yourself ! but I may explain it ! Look, schoolmaster, this idea of yours, furnishes at the same time and in the same measure, excitement, material, and direction to your understanding, your heart and your imagination. Heavens, how great a thing is this alone ! But hear further, Weissshuhn ! to realize your idea is entirely in your own hand ; nay, you see it progress a little every day, no doubt. What say you to *that*, master ? and finally, your love is so child-like innocent, that your longing, striving for her can only benefit you but harm nobody, she can only make you better, more charitable and faithful towards God and men ; and even, while she secretly brings out your little bit of vanity, she can neither puff you up nor make you swerve from your sphere, but

rather make you comfortable and at home in it . . . Oh that, taken altogether, is something for which even men much superior to myself would envy you, if they would think it worth while to get acquainted with your soul!—And oh, my honest schoolmaster, how will you feel, when you have completed the first hundred of your chorals, then one hundred and seven, half of your task, then the second hundred pretty nearly, then fully, and then, oh heavens! when you go to work upon the two hundred and fourteenth, the last one!

Here, however, an iron hand suddenly plunged its cold grasp into my shuddering heart! But what then after this—good *Weissshuhn*, what then, if not your good God in his mercy called you off before? Then your star of Bethlehem has long become the polar star of your life; but the world will now tear it down in ridicule and derision! The publisher will not print your work, but only shrugs the shoulders in pity at your dozen of colleagues' subscriptions; the critic, whom he consults, writes him (and alas, he proves it to be too true) that you have written there only foolish stuff; the publisher politely to excuse his refusal, puts the killing rescript before you; but you are much too old and broken down, to give up an idea, which is grown up with you and has identified itself with your whole life, so calmly; or still more to enter upon a new idea, or to enjoy yourself smiling at yourself and your former joys and to sing without pain:

“I have too possess'd it once!”

Good, poor old man, what then, I say, what then? If your house had been struck by lightning and been set on fire; you would not be so miserable. You might have saved your cover of the old hymn book, with its precious contents, and houses may be rebuilt; but . . . “Why, brother, brother; what is the matter with you? you almost run me down and yet you do not even perceive me; and you talk and fight as though you were on the stage; what are you about?” Thus my sister called out to me, having gone out to the end of our village with her knitting work to meet me. I stood before her, with eyes wide open and could not say any thing except somewhat angrily:

“There you see, that comes from travelling, where you know every tree as well as your nightcap, and where, therefore, you find nothing to interest you; then you will get lost in thought . . . Ah, it comes from your intolerable hypos! she interrupted me, somewhat rashly and vexed, and thus put me also in bad humor. We walked silently

home together. But when I saw her, although with lips closed and compressed, so busy to assist me in my exhaustion, and to do me all those little pleasant services, my heart opened again. I offered her silently, the hand; and she had hardly caught it when she fell with great cordiality on my neck.—I now related to her the above described train of my thoughts, hoping still further to raise her feelings, and by their reaction, my own, and thus to effect a domestic scene full of sentimentality; but she interrupted me here as before, true to her female nature, looking at the practical side of every thing: I know, I know, master Weissshuhn is an honest fool, but still he is a fool. And you only find in people's hearts often, heaven knows what, good or evil—the latter your sister has very often to suffer for. Yes, dear brother, you are very good, and your way of thinking may be all right. Now pray tell me; do you think the weather will hold out to-day? I should like to hang out my frills and collars!

And I myself! I had almost said. But I managed to smother it and rose quick to begin the second stage of my journey; for I could not stay any longer. She cried after me: Now don't you run again so fast and bring home a more cheerful face!

BIQGRAPHY.

LUIGI LABLACHE.

[TRANSLATED FOR THE MUSICAL MAGAZINE.]

Luigi Lablache, the famous singer, who may safely be called, from the universal admiration which he excites, the first bass singer of our times, was born at Naples, on the 6th December, 1794. He is the son of the merchant Nicola Lablache, from Marseille, who left his native country, in 1791, and opened a mercantile establishment in Naples. He married here an Irish lady; by the name of Franziska Bietak, by whom he had the son, who is the subject of this memoir. The father fell in 1799, a victim of the revolution in Naples. Joseph Napoleon took an interest in this early orphaned countryman of his, and procured him a place as pupil in the conservatory della pietà de Turchinì in Naples, since he showed much talent and inclination for music. Here Lablache, then twelve years

old, studied vocal and instrumental music. At first, he was rather negligent and idle; and only on being threatened with dismissal, he took up his studies more seriously. His musical talent was extraordinary and highly diversified. Thus he offered once, when a fellow pupil, who was to play the double bass, suddenly fell sick, to take his part, although he had never once touched the instrument. After practising for three days, he played the part with complete success. Yet, although he was yet very young, he wished to devote himself in particular to the stage and not solely to music, especially not to instrumental music. Five times he secretly escaped from the conservatory, trying to find an engagement in one of the theatres of the capital. His repeated attempts caused a royal law to be issued; that any theatre director in the whole kingdom, who should engage, without the express permission of the government, a pupil of the conservatory, should pay a fine of 2000 ducats and besides close his theatre for a fortnight. This prevented all further attempts of Lablache, and he quietly finished his course of instruction. On leaving the conservatory, he was immediately engaged as "Buffo Napolitano" (comic) for the theatre San Carlino. He was only eighteen years old; yet five months after, he married the daughter of the celebrated actor, Pinotti. She procured him the engagement of Buffo Napolitano at Messina, and soon after as bass singer at the theatre of Palermo where he made his debut in Pavesi's *Marc Antonio*. After a stay of five years he went to Milan on an engagement at the Scala, where he first appeared as Dandini in Rossini's *Cenerentola*, and where Mercadante wrote his opera *Elisa e Claudio* for him. His success was extraordinary; his voice, his style of performance, his action, in short his whole ensemble was generally and highly admired. Thus he lived very happily for seven seasons in Milan, and might be there still, if the desire of a more general reputation had not led him to travel through pretty much all Europe. He went first to Turin and sang in the difficult part of Uberto in Paer's "*Agnese*," with great applause, and from there he went in a short time, as in a triumphal tour over all the theatres from Naples to Venice. In 1824, he appeared in Vienna and enraptured the audiences in four successive evenings in the different parts of *Figaro*, *Azur*, *Geronimo* and *Uberto*, so much, that a medal was coined for him, which bore the inscription by the Marchese of Gargallo: "*Actione Roscio, I ope cantu comparandus, utraque lauru consorta ambobus major.*" Even Madame Fodor and Rubini, these favorites of the Vienna pub-

lic, had to stand back. After the congress of Laibach, Lablache had an audience at Vienna with Ferdinand I., king of Naples. He was received by this monarch in the most flattering manner, nominated singer of the royal chapel, and dismissed with the promise of a pension for life for his father-in-law. After an absence of ten years, he returned to Naples, but now not to the little theatre of San Carlino, but to the vast one of San Carlo. He made his debut there in the part of Azur, in Rossini's *Semiramis*. From there he went to Parma where he sang on the occasion of the opening of the theatre in Bellini's "*Zaira*;" from 1830 to 1832, he sang in Paris and London. In 1834, again in Naples; and since August, 1835, again in Paris and London. His formerly high, noble, truly beautiful, and therefore from its first appearance, imposing figure, has in the latter years lost much by a rapidly acquired and increasing stoutness; but his voice and wonderful art are unimpaired; and if on his first entrance, the audience can hardly help laughing at his extraordinary, stout figure on the stage, this lasts only until his charming voice is heard, and until he enters into action, when their feelings immediately are changed to high rapture, which regularly breaks out in enthusiastic applause. He is as excellent an actor as he is a beautiful singer, and as wonderful in comic as in serious parts. His voice, among the most sonorous voices that were ever heard on the stage, is pure, full, powerful and flexible; his style of performance truly artistic and—what we prize not less highly—his behavior always that of a refined gentleman. Not only his qualities as an artist are excellent, but also his private virtues. He is modest, frank, generous, benevolent, an amiable husband and father—and thus a celebrated artist on the stage, and a pleasant, virtuous man in society.

[FROM THE MUSICAL WORLD.]

Sir,—If the following remarks and musical gossip, the result of a small but interesting tour, can amuse your readers, my object will be fully attained:—

Having lately been "up the Rhine," I made a visit to Darmstadt, and saw much of the celebrated author of the "*Orgel Schule*" and "*Choral Freund*," Rinck, whose biography appeared in your excellent and valuable journal. I was welcomed as an old friend, for

he said "every musician was his brother." But as he had some of my little efforts in composition from my relatives there, I could not but feel grateful for the more than ordinary warmth he displayed; had not this been the cause, I had another—I brought with me the homage of one genius to another! The fine canons, glees, and motetts of Horsley's were a treat to him, and placing his hand upon his heart, he expressed his thanks, and begged they might be conveyed to the gifted author, who had written and thus presented him with compositions so congenial to his soul. Rinck is a fine, venerable old man, of three score and eleven; his figure is imposing; he has an erect carriage; his features are highly intellectual and expressive, and ever accompanied with a smile so bland and happy, that at once finds its way to the heart. In simplicity of heart, he is a child; and yet his eyes are dark and piercing, and lit up with a vivacity that would be brilliant even in younger orbs. He brought before me his canons, chorals, fugues, requiems, masses, and his works for the organ, which have created for him, so long as the organ exists, a deathless fame. He is engaged upon his great work on composition, which, when completed, he said, he could leave this world without regret, in the full assurance that he had done his duty. Seating himself at the pianoforte (which was remarkable for its perfect tuning and color of keys, being like that of the old organs), he struck a single note and said it was like a very little child; God had given it legs and arms (adding at the same time the 3d and 5th); it had by-and-by the power of motion—it became enlarged, and at last it possessed mind, which, by cultivation, became at last the perfect man, with all the attributes of intellectual strength and physical power! With this and other imagery he played chord after chord, from the most simple to the most extraneous; introduced fine imitative and fugue points, with sequences so rich and Bach-like, that, though played with hands sadly bereft of their power by his great age, they seemed to convey his ideas in a manner so clear and forcible, that I could not but wish every lover of harmony and the organ present. To both I earnestly recommend the work when it is completed, which for appropriate examples in every style of composition, in detail of the mode and plan of sound composition, will be unique. To the young musician it will be a blessing; to the old, a boon. His daughter brought to us the splendid cup or vase lately presented to him by the choral societies of Darmstadt and the neighborhood. It is of beautiful design and workmanship;

the branch of laurel thrown across the back on which is inscribed the words "Choral—Freund," betrays the sentiment of the heart; a feeling never conceitedly or affectedly withheld in Germany. My last evening in Darmstadt was spent with Rinck and his family. His son was with us, a few pupils, and a few friends. He is said to be a powerful and effective preacher. He has a fine, sonorous bass voice, and sang with great expression, a fine song by the elder André. We mustered our forces and sang a portion of a fine mass, the veteran composer accompanying us, and had a delightful evening. "The feast of reason and the flow of soul" were surely there. Tea, an army of German cakes, and the light, pure wines of the Rhine, filled up the measure of our joys. We parted with mutual regret. The honest enthusiasm of the heart had broken through the reserve attributed to my country. We had seen much of each other, at home and abroad. In the public gardens had we joined the crowd—in the mountain passes of Frankenstein and Melibocas—and in his own room, hung round with portraits of a hundred composers, had we communed. Saluting me on both cheeks, his cap raised, and a tear in his eye, he bade me farewell. His last words, "Mit Gott, mit Gott," still dwell in my ear. It is his accustomed vale, and underneath his portrait are they written. I was much affected. We may never meet again in this world, but his kindness, his form, his smile, and his friendship, will live for ever in my remembrance.—I must conclude. If this brief outline of the "mental undress" of a great and good man, excites sympathy in his welfare, assuredly it will in the breast of many an organist who has benefited by the "Orgel Schule" and chorals of Rinck, how much will the heart shrink from the man who could wrong him? And yet it has been reserved for a pupil to do this and that pupil an Englishman! who, not content with receiving invaluable instruction on terms that a fifth or sixth rate professor here would blush to receive, got from him a series of our finest psalms, harmonized, and with appropriate preludes, brought them to England—sold them to a printer, who modestly prints them as copyright, and thus the author is audaciously robbed! for he has no copyright in his native land; if first published here. I would it were otherwise; I fear there is no doubt of its accuracy; I was shown the original manuscript, as well as of another series with shorter preludes. These were as modestly asked for, but very properly refused; reparation is still due, and still within reach, and at a very trifling cost. M. Rinck enjoys an hon-

orable independence from the court and by the produce of his compositions. It will rejoice every true friend of the organ to hear, that the hint I throw out is attended to, and by none more eagerly, than Sir, your obliged servant,

W. ASPULL.

London, August 2, 1840.

P. S. Rinck will be seventy-one years of age this day, and his jubilee of fifty years' duty will be celebrated publicly, by the performance of a new grand mass, complimentary odes, choruses, &c.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

We have held the above named London musical periodical in high esteem, as a work which contained many good articles; but we are sorry to observe from its latest numbers that its editor has made his task easy at our expense.

A professor of music of this city went to England last spring, and, having learned from him that the editors of the Musical World, with whom he was acquainted, wished to exchange with an American musical periodical, we gave him our paper to effect an exchange.

This the Musical World has not seen fit to do, but it has seen proper in its June, July and August numbers of this year, to copy word for word from our first volume, no less then *twenty* articles, either original in our paper, or translated for it, or extracted from English works, in which latter case, we have always given due credit to our source.

The Musical World, however, has not thought this necessary, but put our articles partly under its head of original articles, &c., partly even under the head of leading articles, without giving us the least credit for them, except in the very first article which it copied.

We have met with the same kind of encouragement now and then in our own country. We recollect, among others, that the Cincinnati School Advocate did us that honor some time ago. Our friends are welcome to take from our little paper what they think worth while to transplant; but we would thank them to give us the credit, which belongs to us. In doing so, they not only do justice to us, but assist also something in spreading musical literature, by making our magazine known; and this latter, a wider diffused musical literature is a great desideratum for the progress of our country in the art.

SCRAPS FROM THE MUSICAL JOURNAL.

"Music is the only gratification that man may indulge in to excess, without injury to his moral or religious feelings."—*Addison*.

"Music the fiercest grief can charm,
And fate's severest rage disarm ;
Music can soften pain to ease,
And make despair and madness please ;
Our joys below it can improve,
And antedate the bliss above."—*Pope*.

COMFORT YE MY PEOPLE. Handel has chosen for the opening recitations of the MESSIAH, the key of *E*, with four sharps. Brilliancy has been esteemed the peculiar characteristic of this scale, which arises from the tendency of all the intervals to elevation, rather than depression. The third and seventh are in tuning made perfect, or sharper than perfect. Our great master then, to express not only the sedate satisfaction which is implied in the words "Comfort ye," (and which, by the way, is done first by the smooth descent of close intervals, and afterwards by continuity, thereby signifying the soft sinking of the soul into tranquillity,) but the first call to the holy fervor and religious joy, which are the immediate effects, has chosen a key which carries brilliancy beyond that which attends the one nearest approaching to the truth, the key of *C*. The immediate introduction of an accidental *A* sharp, by which the key is changed to *B* with five sharps, pushes this tendency still further ; and towards the latter part of the recitative, a *B* sharp extends the same motion, which is progressive excitation. On the contrary, the taking off of *D* sharp upon the passage "Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem," besides the peculiar quality of the close interval itself, restores the tranquillizing effect of a key less stimulant.

MISS BIRCH IN THE MESSIAH. We were much delighted with Miss Birch's singing, especially in the recitative "There were shepherds," but must give our *veto* against the injudicious holding on particular notes with which we were favored in that most exquisite air, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." It is, doubtless, a great feat, to be able to sustain the voice for five minutes at a stretch ; but, at the same time, the executing this feat considerably injured an otherwise charming performance.

ONE WORD TO THE CHORUS. It is well to have giant's strength, but, better to know how to use it. We would advise that each individual sing his part through, as though it were a solo, and not, because nature has supplied him with greater power of voice, exert it to the utter annihilation of his neighbor's; it is this reducing the voices to the condition of a solo that makes the German chorus so much superior to the English.

PARIS. A singular and melancholy circumstance occurred at the general rehearsal of *Inez de Castro*; Madame Mattei, a young singer, to whom one of the principal parts had been allotted, having made a trifling mistake in one of the pieces, had so violent a nervous attack, as to deprive her of sight. Madame Albertazzi supplied her place.

Madlle. Falcon, who lost her voice about two years ago, has recovered it, and will resume her former station. The calamity was ascribed to her violent exertions every night in the *Huguenots*. It is surprising how modern opera-singers can preserve their voices for a single season, considering the storm of drums and trumpets they have to contend with, to make themselves heard by the audience.

HANDEL'S MESSIAH AND THE FOUNDLING'S HOSPITAL. Handel, from motives of benevolence, for many years performed his oratorio of the *Messiah*, for the benefit of the Foundling Hospital, and presented the charity with a copy of the score, and single instrumental parts. This act of generosity was so ill understood by the governors, that they formed the strange resolution of applying to Parliament for an act to prohibit, under severe penalties, the performance of the *Messiah* by any than the composer and themselves; but when Handel's concurrence was requested, with the usual impetuosity of temper, so characteristic to the man, he broke out into a furious passion, which, he vented in the following terms:—"For vat sal de Fondlings put mein oratorio in de parlement? Te teufel! mein musik sal not go to de parlement." It is almost needless to add, that after this intimation, the project fell to the ground.

CONCERTS.

The Academy of Music gave its third concert last Saturday, in which Mrs. Sutton, a native American singer, but who has made

her studies in France, was introduced to its audience. She sang an Italian air by Pacini, with pianoforte accompaniment, and an English air by Dr. Arne, with orchestra, and gained much credit as a very superior artist.

Gifted by nature with a most excellent, full, sonorous and flexible voice, she has evidently made her studies in the best of Italian schools, and thus comes before us, one of the best singers which we have heard here. Her tone is always clear and full, in every shade of forte and piano, her intonation pure and bold, her embellishments are graceful, tasteful and easy, she never fails in them; her shake especially, is round and beautiful; her enunciation is distinct and her Italian pronunciation appears to us very chaste; the English, has, on the other hand, a little outlandish turn, which, however, is easily accounted for by her Italian and French studies.

In her own concert, on the previous night, she had to contend against many disadvantages. First, the audience, although select, was not very large, and appeared not predisposed to favor her much. Secondly, the concert appeared rather thin by her having no assistance at all, but singing only a comparatively small number of songs. The audience could not consider that singing Rossini's Cavatina cost the best educated singer more physical exertion, than singing five ballads, nor could they take that interest, where the words were unintelligible to them. Thirdly, and this was the most to her disadvantage; she accompanied herself, and that task was too much for her; so while she sang, her fingers rested, only occasionally touching a note. In ballad singing, where the *parlando* expression of the words, is much the more important thing, this may do, but in greater opera airs, the accompaniment is too much an integral part of the whole, not to spoil the whole, if left out or mutilated. This was felt in the very different effect of the same air by Pacini, as sung on Friday and Saturday night.

We designate in the Academy's concert as very good performances, Mr. Schmidt's violin solo, which gained materially from its quartette accompaniment, enabling him, by its greater decision and distinctness, to play with greater confidence and ease; and the overture to "*Der Freyschutz*," a spirited performance; but who would not feel inspired in playing that overture? The choral pieces suffered from want of promptness and decision in time. The conductor must look to it.